Harvest

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Harvest

by lakegreen

Summary

Abigail knew what it was like to be held in Hannibal's arms – his embrace had the permanence and assurance of a god, forgiving and patient. So very patient.

While snooping around Hannibal's home one night, Abigail sees more than she intends to.

Notes

there's something wrong with our hearts
when they beat pure they stand apart
in the black room light, watch the seabird fall
real love, it finds you somewhere with your back to it

See the end of the work for more notes

Abigail Hobbs was restless. Every time she closed her eyes, she saw the faces of her father's victims staring at her – empty, lifeless, accusing. These nightmares were not uncommon to her, and she had tried all of her usual techniques for calming herself down – to no avail. Tonight she could not stay here. Tonight she would climb the walls.

Abigail did not think about where she would go. There was only one place she ever went to, and before long, she found herself outside of Hannibal's house, ringing the doorbell. No response. She rang once more and gave the door a few solid knocks. Still nothing, and she peeked at the windows. All dark. On past visits, even if he was sleeping, Hannibal had always risen and let her in. He must be out, she thought, seeing a concert or a play. That was fine though, as Abigail had come prepared – with the spare key he had given her.

After she had confessed to him her true involvement with her father's crimes, he had given her the key. The confession had spilled from her, could hardly be contained once she had let even a small trickle of the truth through. In the end it had been cathartic for her, being able to tell someone what she had dreaded to reveal, or even think about – and finding acceptance and forgiveness in Hannibal's embrace.

Hannibal had already known the truth, perhaps had always known it, in the omniscient way he seemed to know everything about her. The secrets they shared tied them together, a red thread tied from palm to palm, and the gift of the spare key had cemented the trust between them. For emergencies, he had said. Or for refuge.

What she needed was refuge from her own mind, Abigail thought, as she slipped the key into the lock and felt the click as the door opened. Was this how Will Graham felt, peeking into the minds of killers? Trapped in a mind that was an endless cycle of death and horror? She felt sorry for him, when she did not feel sorry for herself. He had seen into the vortex of her father's mind in a way she never had, and now he had seen into hers. It was enough living with her own darkness, Abigail thought. She didn't want to imagine living with more than one murderer in your head.

Abigail silently stepped into the house, and then slipped off her shoes in the entryway, tucking them to the side. It didn't seem right to tramp dirt through Hannibal's pristine home. The house was dark, but she didn't turn on any lights as she passed through the hallways into the kitchen. The layout of the house was etched into her memory now, after many visits in the middle of the night. Usually Hannibal was still up, and they would discuss literature, botany, psychology, anything that happened to be on his mind. He would teach her simple cooking techniques, or offer insight into wine pairings, as they nibbled duck paté on blinis, figs and French brie. Occasionally they talked about Abigail or her father, but he was always glad to distract her with other subjects.

She didn't realize that she was heading to the kitchen until she flicked on the light, and found that she was starving, having skipped dinner at the hospital. Pot roast and mushy vegetables. Abigail rarely ate meat ever since her father had sliced her neck open. Only when Hannibal cooked could she stomach it.

Abigail opened the fridge, and found nothing much to satisfy her appetite. The fridge was nearly empty, and she was not surprised, as Hannibal preferred to cook with very fresh ingredients, and to not have leftovers. Only some fresh vegetables, assorted condiments, and chilled beverages were to be found. She eyed the bottle of Prosecco in the door, remembering the exquisite Bellini he had taught her how to make, and the pleasant loopy feeling she had experienced after drinking four or five of them one evening. However, she decided against it. It would be rude to drink someone else's liquor alone.

She grabbed a jar of raspberry jam (homemade) from the fridge, then dug up a loaf of bread (homemade), slicing off two thick pieces, and made herself a jam and butter sandwich. The bread was excellent, the jam even better. It hit the spot perfectly. Drops of jam leaked out onto her fingers, and she licked them clean as she poured herself a glass of water.

Still, Abigail felt peckish. The bowl of fruit on the counter caught her eye, overflowing with pears, apples, grapes, persimmons, and pomegranates. Her fingers lightly dusted over each fruit before settling on one of the ruby red pomegranates. Hannibal had shown her how to carefully slice open the fruit, making sure not to puncture a single aril, the delicious seeds inside the tough exterior. She found a knife and made her incision around the crown of the pomegranate, cutting off the top of the fruit (like scalping it, she had thought when Hannibal had shown her the technique, although she had not said it), and revealing the glistening seeds inside. Instead of cutting open the entire fruit, she decided to leave it mostly intact, so that the fruit became a bowl that she plucked the seeds from.

With one hand cradling the pomegranate, and the other delivering the seeds to her mouth one by one, Abigail began to wander through the house. The first floor was familiar territory to her now, she knew how the library was organized, the names and origins of the paintings in the living room. Briefly, she amused herself by thumbing through a hefty book of Italian Renaissance paintings left open on the coffee table.

Then a sudden burst of curiosity struck her. Like all teenagers left alone in a guardian's house, she had the sudden urge to explore somewhere unknown, somewhere forbidden. Abigail had become a regular occupant of one of the guest rooms on the second floor, but she had never stepped inside Hannibal's room. She had caught glimpses of it, as he had disappeared behind its double doors to retire at the end of the night, or fetch something he had forgotten. Now she was overcome with the need to explore this hidden corner.

A short trip up the stairs and down the hall found Abigail at the regal double doors to Hannibal's bedroom. One of them stood slightly ajar, and she pushed it open, stepping inside. The room was large, but made intimate and inviting by the placement of carefully selected and exquisitely crafted wooden furniture. Each piece was elegant and warm, with hints of old world class and modern refinement. All of the textiles in the room begged to be stroked, from the royal blue curtains to the Persian rug to the Egyptian cotton linens, the shade of a fawn's spots. Abigail wanted to touch everything. She did not know where to start.

Two sets of doors adjoined the room across from the bed, and she found that behind one set was the most luxurious master bath she had ever seen. Next to the bath, the second set of doors led to a walk in closet. Abigail plucked two seeds from her pomegranate, and savored the pop they made between her teeth as she flipped on the light in the closet. It was not as

extensive as she thought it might be, but it was still sizable by most standards. Hanging in meticulous order was Hannibal's impressive suit collection, from designers she had only ever read about in magazines before she had met him.

Did most psychiatrists live this way, she wondered? No, she thought, almost definitely not. Abigail had always assumed that Hannibal was the heir to a small fortune, but practiced psychiatry for his own enrichment. The truth was probably much more complicated, but as he had never told her much about his past, it was as good a truth as any.

Abigail ran her fingers across the suits, the rack of beautiful silk ties, the rows of shining leather shoes all arranged with fastidious care. She envisioned Hannibal choosing which jacket to wear with which tie, matching textures and colors with ease – and then she envisioned her other faux-father's wardrobe, and let out a small giggle at the contrast. If there was anyone who would be unimpressed by Hannibal's wardrobe, it was Will Graham, who had the crumpled librarian look down to a science.

Abigail turned off the light and exited the closet just in time to hear the front door open and close. A thrill of panic coursed through her as she imagined Hannibal finding her snooping in his room, and she rushed to the door, making no sound. His open invitation to share his house probably did not include his bedroom. She slipped into the dark hallway, and then stopped in her tracks.

From the foyer she heard voices, and laughter. Hannibal's deep, soothing voice and the familiar trill of Will's unsteady laughter. If it had just been Hannibal and Will, she would have revealed herself – but then she heard a third voice. It was Alana Bloom, and although Hannibal was now very careful to clear all daytime departures from the hospital with her, Abigail's nightly escapes and visits to the house were definitely not Dr. Bloom approved. Abigail froze on the balcony overlooking the first floor, where she had a view into the sitting room, although she was sure no one would see her in the pitch darkness of the second floor.

She was trapped now, the only avenues of escape were Hannibal's room or the staircase down to the first floor. Someone would definitely hear her if she opened the door to her guest bedroom. The first floor would also get her caught. Perhaps Hannibal's guests would leave soon and she would be able to just hide in the hallway until they left.

(She did not see how Hannibal spot her shoes in the foyer, how he quickly pivoted his guests so that he blocked the shoes from their vision. Hannibal sent Alana and Will to the sitting room after he had helped them with their coats, and was left alone to hang them up. With both coats and guests neatly arranged, he carefully placed the young girl's shoes in the closet.)

Will and Alana crossed the hallway into the sitting room, in full view of where Abigail hid. She pressed herself as close to the corner as she could, so that almost none of her body was visible and she could still see Hannibal's guests. If anyone was going to come upstairs, or turn on a light, she wanted as much warning as possible. She was prepared to flee back into the bedroom, and into the closet, at any moment.

Even with her panic in full gear, Abigail took comfort in seeing her guardians together in this casual setting. They were not dressed casually, however – she noticed that Will looked like an

entirely different person. He was clean shaven, his hair combed, and he was buttoned up into a tuxedo. Alana was in a floor length royal purple gown, and when Hannibal joined them with a bottle of wine and three glasses, for once he looked in place with his formal wear. Abigail guessed that they had been to the opera, as Hannibal had mentioned a performance at the Hippodrome he was eager to see.

(When Hannibal went to the kitchen to acquire the wine and stemware, he deftly put away the remnants of her snack, replacing the forgotten jam jar into the fridge, pouring out the abandoned glass of water, and sweeping up the breadcrumbs Abigail had left behind.)

“Oh no, Hannibal, I've already had plenty to drink for one night,” Alana protested, while still taking the glass Hannibal placed into her hand. Opera and then cocktails afterward, Abigail concluded.

“Please, I do insist. This Merlot is simply too excellent to drink alone. Why not finish such a fine evening with a fine wine?”

Alana smirked at him with an incredulous look as he filled her glass, then Will's and his own, but said nothing.

“Cheers,” said Hannibal, raising his glass. “To excellent company and friends.”

They raised their glasses to toast, and Abigail watched Will's mouth quirk upwards into something resembling a smile. She could see the contentedness in his eyes, could see that he truly was happy and relaxed, but he smiled like a man who had never learned how. His awkwardness was endearing to her, and she herself smiled into the darkness.

Will took a sip from his glass, and when he lowered it, he looked contemplatively into its contents.

“I know I'm not the most ideal companion for the opera,” he said, a rueful smile not reaching the far off look in his eyes. “But thank you for inviting me. And convincing me to go. It was a refreshing... change of pace.”

A brief glace between Hannibal and Alana confirmed that this was exactly why the night had been arranged. Abigail speculated that Will's grooming and well-fitted tuxedo had all been orchestrated by Hannibal, while Alana had posed the initial invitation to Will. While others needed to escape the rat race of the city by heading out into the country, Will needed to escape the self-imposed isolation that fueled his overactive imagination, and was now bringing him to the brink of madness. It must have taken some coercion to convince Will to leave his woods and wilderness behind for a night out on the town. Abigail suspected Alana had been up to the task.

“We are the grateful ones, Will,” Hannibal said. “Any chance to share your company we would be foolish not to take.”

Her three guardians continued to talk and drink in the sitting room, discussing their nights activities and amusements. Alana passionately complimented the performance of the soprano, and Hannibal provided insight on the history of the opera they had seen. Even Will seemed

moved by the production, as he remarked on his favorite scene, complimenting the moody lighting and scenery.

They emptied the first bottle of wine. Excusing himself to get another, Hannibal left the sitting room for the kitchen, leaving Will and Alana alone. The pair grew quiet, and in their bashful glances at each other, accompanied by uneasy grins, Abigail could tell they they both relished and feared being left alone together. They spoke in quiet murmuring tones, so softly that Abigail could not hear them.

When Hannibal returned, he approached the sitting room through the hall, and then stopped just outside of it. Will and Alana could not see him, but he could see them. Abigail watched Hannibal watch his guests. She felt he was assessing them, like an artist assesses his own work, judging the compositional balance, making sure that all the right pieces are in the right place. A spark of affection entered his eye, and he reentered the room, wine in hand. Will and Alana stepped away from each other, just slightly, and allowed Hannibal back into their circle.

Abigail found herself drawn into their conversation, and slightly resented being left out. She was rarely around Will and Hannibal when their brows were not creased in concern over her well being, and had never seen Alana in a situation that did not revolve around Abigail's state of mind. Will's face was clear, unclouded by the burdens of an FBI murder investigation. Hannibal was relaxed, gazing fondly upon his two companions. Alana's eyes were alight with affection and wit, her smile quick and infectious.

Abigail felt as though her chest was aching, expanding for the love swelling up inside of her. The voices below blurred into each other, turning into an unrecognizable cacophony of sound. Her grip on the pomegranate still in her hand tightened, and she felt it begin to crack between her fingers. Immediately she took a deep, silent breath and loosened her grip, refocusing. Hannibal's voice drifted up to her, clear and commanding.

“What do you think, next time, shall we try ballroom dancing lessons? It can be quite invigorating.”

Will laughed and shook his head. “Dancing and I are not exactly... compatible, Dr. Lecter.”

Hannibal smiled. “Nonsense, Will. All you need is a capable teacher.”

And then, before he had even been given the chance to protest, Hannibal had taken Will's glass and set it down on the table, grabbed Will's hands, and was dragging him around the room.

“The first thing to learn is the box step – its really quite simple – one, two, three -”

Perhaps it was the alcohol, perhaps it was that Will just had no idea how to respond to being taught dance steps by his psychiatrist, but he actually went along with it, although Abigail could see he was embarrassed. Yet there was something in Hannibal's instructional tone of voice that was comforting, and let Will know that he was not trying to humiliate him, and that it was alright to mess up. From the sidelines, Alana grinned, and when Will shot an

unguarded, goofy smile in her direction as Hannibal whirled him by, she gave the performance a small burst of applause.

“Excellent work Will, I knew you would take to it,” Hannibal said as he wound down the dance. He clapped an arm around Will's shoulders and turned to Alana. “He is a natural, don't you think?”

As Alana looked at them, a far off thought entered the back of her eyes, although she continued to smile. “It appears he is a man of many talents.”

She stepped towards them, and Hannibal turned to Will, straightening out his tie that had gotten disheveled during their waltz.

“Talented, yes. And quite handsome too,” Hannibal paused, looking over Will, then glancing at Alana. “He looks particularly delicious like this doesn't he, Dr. Bloom?”

Alana was barely a foot away from them, and Abigail, too, looked at Will to really *see* how he appeared to them at that moment – delightfully flushed, grinning, buzzed, slightly bewildered, and entirely captivating. Alana said nothing, and instead she gulped, then nodded, gazing into Will's face.

Hannibal, with one arm still around Will's shoulders, used the other the tilt Will's chin toward him.

“Delicious enough to temp a taste.”

Hannibal pressed his lips to Will's and encountered no resistance. Will seemed too startled to object. Then, his eyes fluttered closed. Finding his partner pliant, Hannibal deepened the kiss, licking and gently biting Will's lower lip, moving his hands to cup Will's head. Abigail could hear Will sigh into the embrace. She, herself, had forgotten how to breathe. Judging from Alana's stillness, so had she.

Finally, Hannibal pulled away, but Will's head followed his, his lips not ready to be separated from Hannibal's own. One of his arms had wrapped itself around Hannibal's shoulders, the other clasped the front of his tuxedo jacket. Will opened his eyes and searched Hannibal's features, mystified, like he was trying to remember where he was.

Will's eyes then flicked towards Alana, his panicked look seeking forgiveness, approval, as though he had just uttered an unspoken, buried truth about himself. Alana's hand reached toward Will's face, and she tenderly stroked his cheek. Hannibal leaned back slightly, observing.

“How rude of me,” Hannibal said, voice completely steady. “I nearly forgot to share.”

Then Alana pressed herself into Will, her mouth eagerly devouring his. The hand Will had used to grab Hannibal's jacket now switched to Alana, so that he had one hand gripping each partner. They kissed as though they were drowning, as if they were the only thing left in the world to hold on to. Will's hand moved frantically around Alana's body, from her waist to her

hair, her breasts to her neck. He wanted to touch all of her at once and had so little to work with, only one hand and one mouth.

They broke apart, both gasping for air. Hannibal, who still had one hand on Will, now placed the other on Alana, completing the circle. Alana, still catching her breath, turned to Hannibal and pulled his head down to hers, crushing their lips together. Will watched them, a hunger growing inside of him. Abigail could see it in his eyes. When Alana and Hannibal came up for air, they both turned towards Will. The voice that broke the silence was his, quiet and firm.

“Shall we go to bed?”

Suddenly mouths and hands were everywhere, Hannibal was kissing Will and Alana was kissing Will's neck, and they were both pushing him towards the stairs and trying to pull of his clothes, and Will had no idea who or what to hold on to, as he desperately worked to keep himself upright. Abigail was mesmerized by the sight, until she realized that she was most definitely between where they were now and where they intended to go.

Forcing herself to look away from the trio of bodies working their way up the stairs, she scurried into Hannibal's bedroom, closing herself into the closet. But she couldn't help herself, and left the tiniest crack between the two closet doors. Just enough to press against and have a full view of the double poster bed in the center of the room.

The doors to the room pushed open, and Abigail saw that they had separated themselves enough to start to disrobe. Alana was now between them, Hannibal nuzzling her neck from the front, and Will behind, working on the clasps of her dress while trailing kisses along her shoulder. Finally, with clasps undone, Will slipped the dress off her shoulders. Alana did not even pause as she discarded Hannibal's jacket and began to work on his bow tie and shirt, while Hannibal reached around her and did the same for Will.

Abigail had never had a boyfriend. Despite what people may have thought about her father, and had implied in their questioning of her her, he had never touched her that way – no, his violations had been much more subtle. Being under her father's control made relationships with boys next to impossible. Once one of her classmates had walked her home, and on her front porch he had grabbed her hand and kissed her. She had pushed him away, run into the house, slammed the door, and threw up into the toilet.

He'll know, she had thought, *he'll know.*

She had never been touched in the way that Will touched Alana, the way Hannibal touched Will. The thought was both arousing and repulsive – letting someone get that close to her, see her that vulnerable. Yet she supposed she could see why others craved the sensation.

Abigail watched as Hannibal pushed Will and Alana across the room to the edge of the bed. She absentmindedly found herself bringing a pomegranate seed to her mouth, pressing it past her lips as Alana trailed kisses over Hannibal's bare chest. Will's hands wandered down Alana's naked torso to feel her through her lacy black panties, causing her to gasp into Hannibal's chest, digging her hands into his arms to stay upright. Hannibal gripped her shoulders as she fidgeted onto Will's hands, still gently stroking through the thin fabric.

Will momentarily withdrew his hands, and Alana let out a small whimper of disappointment, pressing herself closer to him. Over her shoulder, Will made eye contact with Hannibal. They shared a silent moment of victory, and then Will slipped his hands under her panties. Alana's feet left the ground. Hannibal and Will used the combined leverage of their bodies to keep her upright between them. One of Will's hands moved to clasp her breast while the other continued to dutifully stroke her between her legs. Will was attuned to every gasp and moan he elicited from Alana, his open mouth pressed into her hair and breath hitching along with hers. Hannibal watched Will's face with delight. When Will opened his eyes and once again looked at the other man, Hannibal leaned forward and kissed him. Will returned the kiss, mouth devouring and impatient.

When Alana came, her body shuddering with pleasure and her breath hitching in her throat, Hannibal gently set her back onto her feet. He guided her to sit on the edge of the bed, and she discarded her underwear, settling onto the sheets. As she caught her breath, glancing between the two men, Hannibal stepped back and swiftly dispensed with the remainder of his clothing. His body was as immaculate as his wardrobe, and he showed no vulnerability at being fully exposed before them. Hannibal's confidence and ease emanated from him, filling the room, as though he had always been meant to be viewed this way. Even Abigail did not feel embarrassed as she stared at his naked form.

Will could not help but gawk between his two naked companions, momentarily too dumbstruck to move. Eventually he began to try to disrobe himself, fumbling with his belt buckle, but Hannibal calmly placed his hand on Will's, stopping him. Will obediently dropped his hands. Hannibal ghosted his elegant fingers down Will's sides, before resting them at the waistband of Will's trousers. Will sucked in a breath, then let it out with a groan of desire. Hannibal slowly ran his fingers right under the waistband, around Will's hips and pelvis, across his back. Alana leaned forward from the bed to press her mouth against Will's back. Her touch sent shivers through his body like a rock creating ripples in a pond. He gasped, and moaned in frustration.

“Ah – *please -*”

With that, Hannibal undid the buckle of Will's pants, and together with Alana, they released Will from the last of his clothing.

Hannibal pushed Will back onto the bed, and as he spread Will's legs apart, Abigail jerked with a sudden sharp pain. She had been biting her finger, and had bitten down hard enough to draw blood. The wounded finger had lingered too long after delivering a seed past her lips. On her tongue, the coppery taste of blood and aromatic sweetness of pomegranate mingled.

Alana pressed herself against Will, kissing his chest, his mouth, his throat. Will held on to her as he writhed on the bed, a victim to Hannibal's expert ministrations. One of his hands gripped Will's leg right below the knee, holding it to the side, while the other stroked Will's cock with those long fingers of his. Teasingly, Hannibal slid his hand down the shaft, then down to his balls, gently cupping them before withdrawing his hand completely. Will gave a cry at the lack of touch, and Hannibal smiled, kissing Will on the inside of his leg, right next to where his hand gripped him.

Hannibal trailed his lips down the leg, shifting onto his knees, planting kisses and bites along the way, each one met with a groan and toes desperately cleanching and unclenching in the air. Hannibal paused with his mouth right above Will's cock, and took the scene in – Will staring down at him, one hand gripping the bedsheets, the other gripping Alana. Alana, body pressed against Will's, one hand massaging herself, eyes full of arousal as she watched Hannibal pleasure Will. He pressed his lips to the tip of Will's cock, giving it a tiny lick. He then kissed the length of his shaft, gently nuzzling it, caressing it, barely touching it. Will was beside himself with pleasure, and struggled to keep his body from bucking up into the other man's touch. Hannibal went lower, licking Will's balls, taking his time to enjoy the smell of Will's sweat and heat. He gripped Will's cheeks, running his hands over them roughly at first, and then spread them apart. Hannibal ran his tongue from Will's balls down to his crack, eagerly lapping around the tight ring of muscle. Will's entire body shook at the contact. The air was full of his pleadings – *please, yes – no – don't – don't stop* – but Hannibal was mercilless in his slow, deliberate movements, giving and denying pleasure as he saw fit.

Will was on the edge of orgasm when Hannibal pulled away and instructed Alana to retrieve something from the nightstand. Hannibal stood up, Will groaned and wrapped his legs around him, attempting to reaffirm contact. Alana briefly left Will's side to stretch over to the nightstand, fumbling in its drawers, and Will was loathe to give up her warmth, his arm involuntarily reaching out to her across the bed. Alana found what she was searching for, and returned to Will's side, placing the bottle in Hannibal's hand. Hannibal chuckled, and leaned forward to run his hands through Will's hair.

“Patience, my dear Will,” he hummed, then leaned down to suck on Will's neck, teeth pressed down with the slightest pressure.

When he pulled away, he whispered something into Will's ear, and Will's eyes went to Alana as he nodded in agreement. Will then sat up, and turned to kiss her as he maneuvered her all the way to the back of the bed, leaning against the pillows. Hannibal climbed onto the bed behind them, a hand always touching Will somewhere, moving from his back, to his ass, to his thigh, or his ankle.

Will's mouth moved from Alana's mouth to her neck, to her breasts and stomach, leaving her lovely pale skin flushed and aching for contact. He moved lower, and as she grasped his hair with both of her hands, Will pressed his face into her and began to tenderly lick the soft pink folds between her legs.

Abigail watched all of this, watched Alana's mouth drop open, her face flushed with pleasure. She watched as Hannibal applied lubricant to his fingers, and pressed them between Will's cheeks, easing them into his entrance. Will tensed, but then pressed himself onto Hannibal.

Abigail wondered how this could possibly be the first time they had thought of doing this, everything seemed so fluid and natural, as though they had always been meant to tumble into bed together. They moved in unison, with barely a word spoken between them. It was the perfect arrangement for everyone involved. Alana and Will's lusting after each other was not a particularly well-kept secret, but they did not trust themselves enough to not to ruin a relationship between them. The involvement of a third party let them consummate their lust, while not tying them to each other emotionally.

Abigail had long noticed the hunger in Hannibal's eyes when he thought no one was looking, when he studied Will across a room. What she had not counted on was Will returning the hunger just as deeply. Perhaps Will had not even realized it, she thought, before tonight. It was Alana's implicit approval, Abigail supposed, that allowed Will to indulge his desire that he had never even recognized within himself.

Abigail dug into her pomegranate, searching for more seeds. It was almost empty now. Her hands were sticky with traces of juice.

Her trio of guardians had shifted their positions now, Alana beneath Will as he fingered her, Hannibal behind Will, stroking his cock, slicking it with lube. Hannibal released Will and kissed his neck, encouraging. Fully prepared, Will eased himself into Alana – who wrapped her arms around him and *pulled*, thrusting him deep inside of her. Will gasped, arms quaking at the sensation, and nearly collapsed on top of her. Behind him, Hannibal grasped Will's hips to steady him.

Hannibal stroked himself, gazing at the writhing display of bodies before him, satisfied with the tableau of lust he had created. He stroked Will's back, admiring its smoothness, the wonderful contrast between flexing muscle and soft flesh. He positioned himself behind Will, ready to take what he had wanted for so long.

Abigail found two seeds, and brought them to her lips.

It was then that Hannibal turned and looked straight at the closet, at Abigail, and stared right into her eyes. The seeds fell from her fingers. His gaze pierced straight through the darkness into hers, and for a moment she remembered her throat being slashed open, her blood pouring everywhere, and Hannibal's strong, firm hands pressing against the gushing wound. He knew she was there. His eyes lit a fire through her body, from the tip of her head straight through her stomach and down to her toes. She felt herself begin to tremble in the darkness.

Hannibal said nothing, did not even let any expression cross his face. He barely looked at her for a few seconds before turning his attention back to the task at hand.

He put a hand on Will's hip, and then pushed himself inside. Wills eyes rolled into the back of his head. The momentum of Hannibal's thrust drove him deep into Alana, who dug her fingers into Will's back. Will, helplessly at the mercy of his partners, dissolved into their rhythms. He gave himself over to Hannibal's pace, letting the other man dictate their speed, each thrust rocking the three of them in tandem. Hannibal kissed Will's shoulder, and Abigail knew it had all been for this.

It had all been for Will, always been for Will, everything. He chose the opera so that he could dress him up, and then undress him like a gift he had wrapped for himself. He had created a safe environment where he could seduce Alana and present her to Will, when she would never have come to him herself. Hannibal had given Alana and Will what they most wanted, without the binding obligations they had always feared would drive them apart. All of this so that he could take what he wanted – the complete surrender and submission of Will to Hannibal's desire.

Abigail knew what it was like to be held in Hannibal's arms – his embrace had the permanence and assurance of a god, forgiving and patient. So very patient. Long ago he had carefully planted these seeds of trust and dependence in Will and Alana, and had dutifully watered and tended his crop, monitoring its development day by day, week by week. Now the season had come, the fruit was ripe, and it had come time to harvest.

Abigail idly wondered when it would be her turn.

When the seemingly endless sexual feast of lust and pleasure wound to a close, each of the attendees spent and satisfied, Abigail watched as Hannibal tucked his exhausted guests into bed. He sat and stroked Will's hair, then Alana's, until their breathing grew steady and he was sure they were asleep. Then he slipped from the bed, and covered his naked form with a silken robe he lifted from a nearby chair.

He did not even look towards the closet, but as Hannibal gave his slumbering companions one last look before he exited the room, Abigail knew that was meant to follow him. She waited for a moment, then like a shadow, she crept from the closet, out the room and down the stairs. She found him in the kitchen, fixing himself a drink. He had his back to her as she entered the room.

“Would you like something to drink Abigail?” His calm voice addressed her. He opened a cabinet and removed two glasses before she could respond. “Myself, I'm parched.”

He turned to her now, and gestured for her to sit at the kitchen bar. She sat, stupefied, as she watched Hannibal prepare his concoction. Two mint leaves were dropped into each glass, which were muddled, followed by slivers of lemon and cubes of ice, then each glass was filled with water. Nothing was ever simple when prepared by Hannibal, she thought, not even a glass of water. He placed her glass in front of her, then brought his own to his lips, downing almost the entire glass in one gulp.

Abigail took a sip, still at a loss for words. She did not have much luck with families, she thought – one cannibalistic, the other, exhibitionist. She sat in silence, contemplating her strange fate – she supposed the second one wasn't so bad.

Hannibal did not seem to mind his silent company. He refilled his glass, and studied her, inscrutably. She knew he was not angry with her, she had known the moment he had met her gaze in the darkness. But that was only one possibility eliminated in a universe of unknown possibilities.

Hannibal set down his glass and looked into her eyes.

“Abigail, would you like to take dancing lessons?”

End Notes

song lyrics from *Real Love*, by Beach House

Thanks for reading everyone. I was searching for something like this to read but couldn't find it, so I had to write it myself. Hope you enjoyed it!

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